Neapolitan Nights

SONG

Words by
Harry D. Kerr
Music by
J. S. Zamecnik

HIGH
HIGH MEDIUM
LOW MEDIUM
LOW

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R

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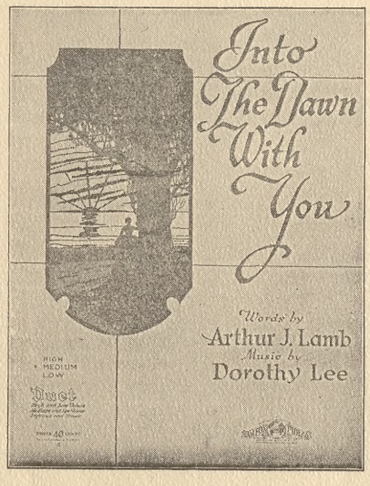
er Beautiful Ballad by Dorothy Lee

Into The Dawn With You



Why are the roses smiling?
Why are the dewdrops gay?
Why does the breeze beguiling
Sing to the newborn day?
Why are the song birds humming
Melodies old and new?
Dearest, they see me coming
Into the dawn with you!

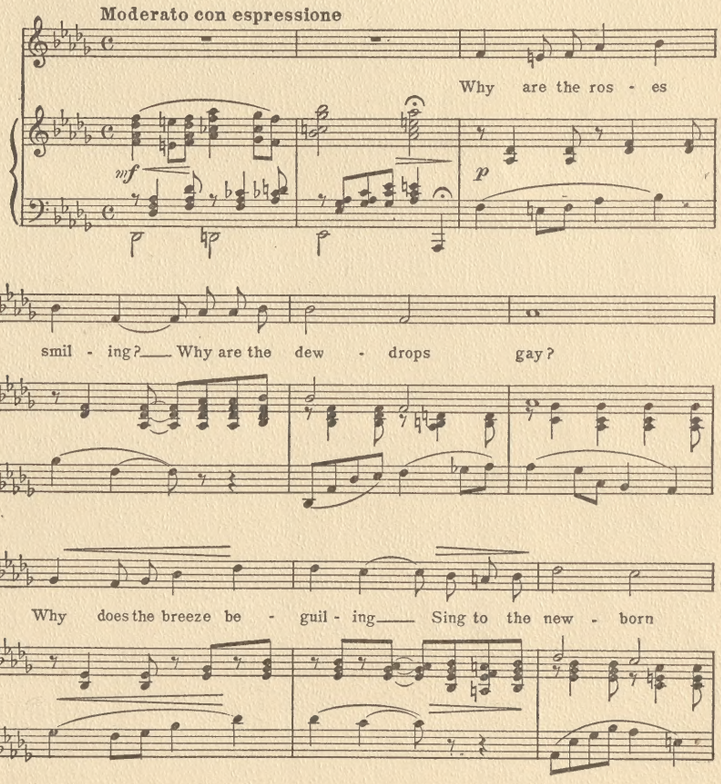
Dawn of a new life starting,
Love that can never die;
No more the pain of parting,
No more the sad goodbye.
Cherish the vows I'm saying,
Your dream will all come true;
Cupid, dear heart, is straying
Into the dawn with you!

Into the Dawn with You

High F — Medium Db — Low Bb

Words by
ARTHUR J LAMB

Music by
DOROTHY LEE



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Neapolitan Nights

Twilight is falling in fair Italy,
Stars kiss the sky;
Night stealing near like a soft melody,
Bids day good-bye;
There as I lingered long,
Entered my heart this song:

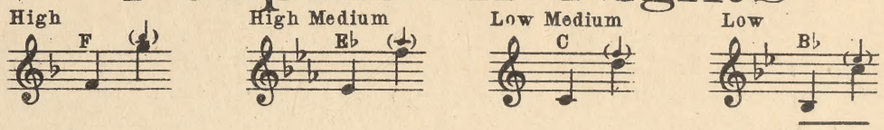
REFRAIN

Oh, nights of splendor,
Your charms so tender
Make love surrender
Till stars are gone;
Oh, nights of laughter,
Though tears come after,
Love's regrets, love forgets
When comes the dawn.
Fair Naples sleeping,
A vigil keeping,
While stars are weeping
As they depart;
Dawn bells are pealing,
While night is stealing
To its nest, lulled to rest
Within my heart.

Nights of romance in a world made of dreams,
Always 'tis June;
Nights that entrance, and forever it seems,
Hearts are in tune;
Softly my reverie
Whispers this melody:

Harry D. Kerr.

Neapolitan Nights



Words by
HARRY D. KERR

Music by
J. S. ZAMECNIK

Moderato con moto

mf

Twi - light is fall - ing in fair It - a - ly,
Nights of ro - mance in a world made of dreams,

f *mf*

f *rit.* *a tempo*

Stars kiss the sky;
Al - ways 'tis June;

f *rit.* *a tempo*

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mf

Night steal-ing near like a soft mel-o-
Nights that en-trance, and for-ev-er it

mf

f *rit.* *a tempo*

dy, Bids day good-bye;
seems, Hearts are in tune;

f *rit.* *a tempo*

mf

omit ad lib.

There as I lin-gered long, En-tered my heart this song: Ah,
Soft-ly my rev-er-ie Whis-pers this mel-o-dy: Ah,

mf

REFRAIN

p dolce

Oh, nights of splen - dor, Your charms so ten - der Make love sur -

Alla barcarola

p dolce

rend - er Till stars are gone; Oh, nights of

laugh - ter, Tho' tears come af - ter, Love's re -

grets, love for - gets When comes the dawn. Fair' Na - ples

sleep - ing, A vig - il keep - ing, While stars are

weep - ing As they de - part; Dawn bells are

peal - ing, While night is steal - ing To its

end softly ad lib.

nest, lulled to rest With - in my heart.

end softly ad lib.

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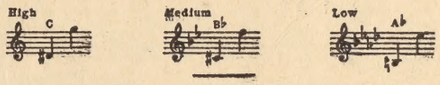

Words by
ARTHUR J. LAMB

Music by
DOROTHY LEE

Tenderly, with expression

Here all a - lone I wait, Still the old dreams re-main; Out of the years, filled with my tears, I search for you once a - gain.

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The Indian Love Song Creation

"INDIAN DAWN"

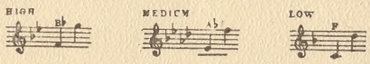
Dawn wind sighs;
Wild Bird waking;
Paling stars—
Day now breaking.

From thy lodge
Smoke plume winging;—
Soon you come
Thru red willows singing.

Sweet love song
My flute calling;—
O'er far hills
Dawn light falling.

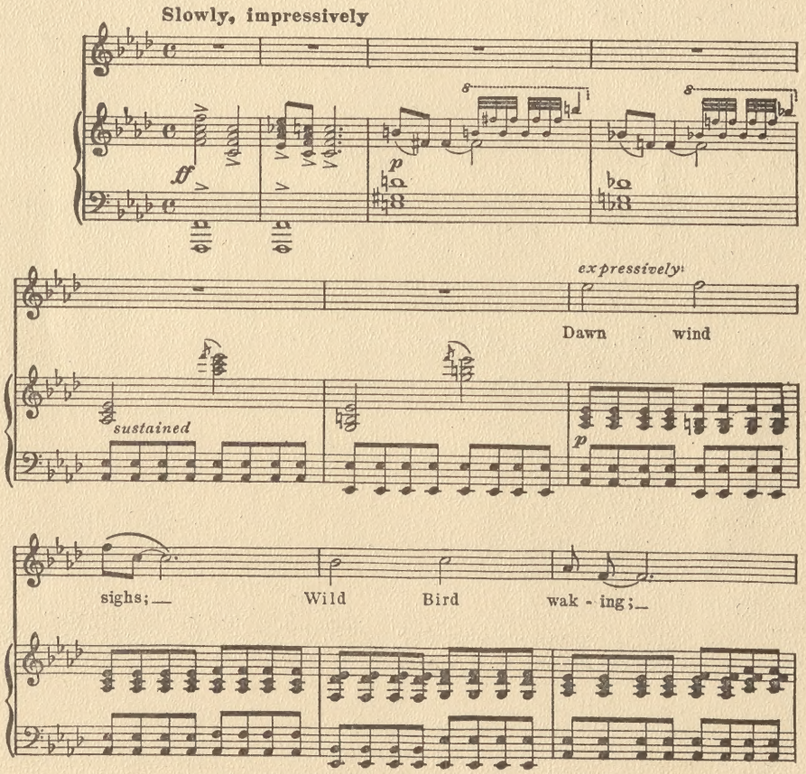
From her lodge
Wild Bird coming;—
Hark, my heart!
Hush, now, thy wild drumming!

INDIAN DAWN



Poem by
CHARLES O. ROOS

Music by
J. S. ZAMECNIK



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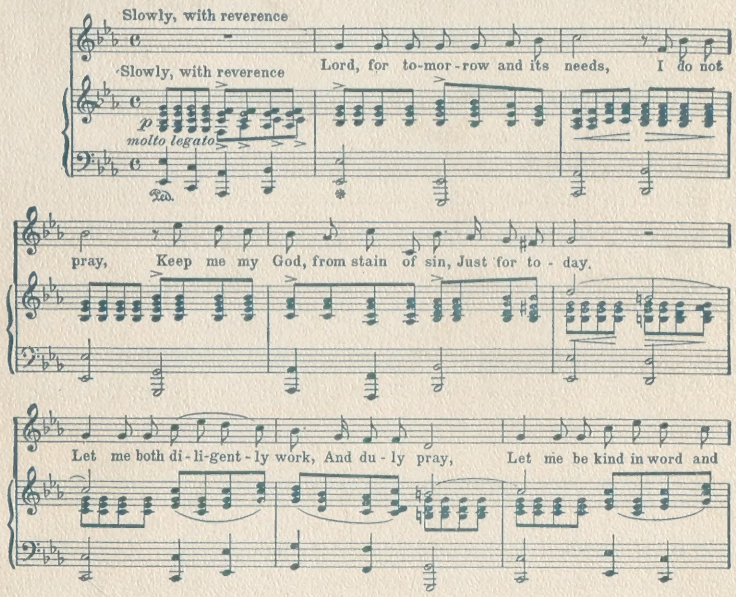
(Sacred Song)

By Blanche Ebert Seaver

Sybil F. Partridge

Blanche Ebert Seaver



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For—

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Tenor
Baritone

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